IN THE FIELD WITH THE CHANCEL-LOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

Last Heroic Figure of a Heroic Epoch-How He Greeted an American Editor-As Phil Sheridan's Host,

mentous and a character so potential that throughout the world. His birthday has ome a festival that far surpasses in popdar estimation and political significance that of the Emperor, who was his creation. Owing to associated circumstances it has become known to many that I had in the course of events of extreme interest slimpses of this builder of an empire, and I am asked to tell the story once more.

There is some reason for this, for when thinking of my adventures on the edge of the military collision of France and Germany nearly a quarter of a century ago, I find there are new lights on the landage know well what a change there is in arated. The real stories are found not less changeable than the fancied ones, when after the experience of decades, we pick them up and hold them to the eye and the

Those who were around Bismarck when I saw him are all gone—old King William, the Crown Prince, the Red Prince, Field Marshal Moltke, Phil Sheridan; and of the vast host of the invaders of France, gilttering under the helmet spikes and bayonets, those homesick legions who accepted their fate so bravely, myraids are moldering in the dust. Indeed, the bones of more than a complete army corps were added to the soil of France. One empire has fallen and another has risen. The French Emperor and his son and all the field marshals of France—the last was Canrobert—are in their graves. The tale is told of them all.

The present Emperor of Germany was a school boy when his father drank the French wine at Wissemburg, in the midst of a bloody field, saying: "The wine of France, gentlemen, is red." Thiers and Gambetta and Jules Favre are gone. There is a new generation of soldiers in the republic of France and the empire of Germany. The men born since Sedan will fight the battles of the next war. There remains alone in his grandeur the one incomparable figure who towered above all the men of his time. There is still active the one brain that conceived and constructed the German empire; the man to whom kings and princes and field marshals and army corps were the instruments with which the map of Europe was torn and changed. The young Emperor in the flush days of his too early and premature imperialism turned against the great man of Germany to assert the royal and imperial prerogative, but he could not efface the giant of his race and age, and the young man on the throne has had the good fortune to become reconciled to the old statesman, and to have his tardy homage respectfully received. ood fortune to become reconciled to the Id statesman, and to have his tardy hom-HAD DONE HIS WORK.

The relations of Bismarck and William are an object lesson showing how much greater is manhood than monarchy. In asserting his personal authority, largely created for him by Bismarck, to displace the tect of the splendid edifice of German unity, he young Emperor displayed not strength, ut weakness, vanity and folly. Bismarck imself had undue concern for position. He ad done his work, and it is better to have

himself had undue concern for position. He had done his work, and it is better to have lived to see his immediate successor retired discomfited, the Emperor's own policy unfruitful and embarrassments multiplied, while the Chancellor of the day goes on a pligrimage to the man who personities the dignity, the giory and the power of the Germany he made one nation, after the people and the princes had been shattered into a swarm of sovereignities and kingdoms and dukedoms for centuries.

There has been a feeble effort by the German court to claim for Frederick—who disappears between the Williams—the honor and renown of uniting Germany, and there have been agraps of paper shown as alleged evidence that the brains of the nation were in the reyal family. One needs only to look at Bismarck's photograph and compare it with one of Frederick to see how—it is. Frederick's face is that of an admirable citizen, and he was a soldier of good stature, who had a tolerably correct idea of his own limitations, and relied upon Blumenthal, but was restive because the mighty illuminated shadow of Bismarck as the actual head of the German people, was over court and camp.

The proof of the truly great qualities of the dead Emperor was in the constant permission he gave Bismarck and Moltke to manage affairs of state and the movement of armies according to their will and wisdom and the old man was usually content to be consulted and to consent—that was the better way to recognize the royal prerogative. It allowed great men to grow. The young man wants to absorb all greatness and would even appropriate Bismarck in his old age.

BISMARCK AT THE FRONT.

BISMARCK AT THE FRONT. Moneure D. Conway and I, in the latter days of July, 1870, left Paris to join the French army at Metz, where the Emperor Napoleon was with the main French army. awaiting the overwhelming masses of Gerawaiting the overwhelming masses of Germany. Conway was diverted en route when told that we would be arrrested if we attempted to locate ourselves with the French troops. I pushed on, and saw the condition of the French army was unsatisfactory, and wrote the truth about it in a letter of 3.500 words, which was dropped in the post-office at Metz and confiscated. I was always sorry about losing that letter, or, rather, that others lost it and I failed to get the reputation for prophetic lore it would have given me.

get the reputation for prophetic lore it would have given me.

The police were so active at Metz that I proceeded to Strasburg, and the police were after me there before I had succeeded in washing my face at the hotel. My passport, furnished by Minister Washburn with many ribbons and much wax and his wonderful eignature, preserved me from prison, and at last saved my life, but that is another story. I met Conway at Strasburg, where he had wandered from Nancy, and found him in the act of writing of my mysterious disappearance. We engaged to meet in Baden, just over the River Rhine, and did so, selecting the hotel of the White Cross in Basle as the place to get together. We had to pass through France and Switzerland, and had business that kept us apart for a few days. We met as agreed, and to do so had transferred ourselves from French to German territory, from the army of France to that of Germany.

Moving porth though Baden the roads

Moving north though Baden, the roads lined with walnut trees and cherry trees, and the vineyards purple and green with grapes, the great red sandstone spire of the cathedral of Strasburg stood against the western sky for so many hours it seemed as if it might be following us. We thought there were signs of a great battle on the horizon, but that was a mistake. There was fighting enough, but too far for our eyesight. We were in Baden when the defeat of McMahon by the Crown Prince took place, and arrived at Carlsruhe on the day after the first of the wounded and prisoners got there from the battlefield of Woerth.

We boarded at Manheim a military train

Woerth.

We boarded at Manheim a military train, armed with papers from the War Minister of Baden, and took possession of a coupe, where we had clgars and writing material, cakes of chocolate and loaves of bread, and passed nine hours at a railroad crossing where Thomas Nast was born—an example of waiting for other army trains to go ahead. We made the acquaintance of many of the troops, and I found my silk hat the only one in the army, a distinction not distinctly agreeable. We got at Kaiserlautern a bottle of beverage supposed to be waite wine, but it was the most scathing walte wine, but it was the most scathing brandy I ever saw, and as it could not be diluted enough to quench the everlasting flames that were in it we were at last glad

flames that were in it we were at last glad to give it away.

At Homburg—not the watering place or the great commercial city—we were routed out of our coupe, and curlously enough got beds in a hotel just at nightfall. It was not much of a house, but had a roof on it. The troops were marching through the muddy street all night, and there was a German officer giving everybody orders, who had the most harsh and strident, and horribly dictatorial, singing and rasping voice I ever heard. I was not armed, and he escaped. The King, with Moltke and Bismarck, had been there two days ahead of us, and the man who spoke English said:

A TIGER EYE.

A TIGER EYE.

"If you see two tall men, one with side whiskers and the other a clean-shaven.

BISMARCK'S WAR DAYS | sit in the barroom and sleep on benches, the billiard table or the floor, as we might se-

billiard table or the floor, as we might select.

We were in the street in front of the post-office, and concluded to bow to the King. I had smashed my silk hat and was wearing a Scotch cap, and Conway had a quilted cloth hat. The weather was hot and our noses were burned—indeed, almost baked. We men were a queer looking pair and as we pulled off our headgear and saluted William, he looked surprised, as well he might, and also pleased, which was another matter, and gave us a fine bow. The correct word for a royal bow always is, that it is gracious. William thought we were French.

A big man came stalking along with a white cap, and a white mustache, and a cavalry sabre in a steel scabbard; his trousers were in his boots, and he wore spurs. His face was sunburned until scarlet, and he walked with a slow, long stride. He was ceremoniously saluted. At first I did not think of Bismarck. He was hardly so huge as I had conceived Bismarck to be, and he was wholly unattended. I had expected to see some pomp and circumstance about the Chancellor. His ear, with a characteristic curve of much use to caricaturists, gave me a hint. It was the ear made prominent in Paris cartoons where it was exaggerated in a thousand windows, and as he glanced our way I caught the flerce eye, the famous tiger eye, and asked an officer standing nigh if the man was Bismarck. The answer was, with a look of wonder that one should ask, "surely."

Conway and I looked, at the King in the

walk, but did not find anyone ready to introduce us, We were just moving away when Bismarck came up and addressed us. His keen observation had told him we were fresh arrivals and neither French nor German, and he was curious and asked those about him what the dingy persons were supposed to mean. A member of the staff said we were American editors, and upon that hint he came up and spoke, and said he was glad to see us, and referred to "the millions of men of our blood in your country," and he thought well of having history authentically prepared on the spot. He invited us to go to the King's headquarters and get something to eat, and told me I could not buy a horse and that he had no influence in the army, not even enough to aid me to buy a horse.

IN UNIFORM-AT GRAVELOTTE. I said, in response to his invitation to eat with the King, that I could not keep up with his Majesty without a horse, and the lips of the Chancellor smiled, but his eyes did not, He spoke perfect English, no marked accent, putting his words together with just a little too much care.

with just a little too much care.

He could consistently say he had no influence in the army, because the divisions among the Prussians are clear and positive, and the one element that dominates is the military aristocracy. When the fight was won and there was an empire to organize, a treaty to make, an indemnity to fix—the great business of the state to perform—the power of Bismarck was overbearing, except as to Moltke's military operations. But in the midst of military operations. But in the midst of military operations he was Major Bismarck, away from his regiment on detached duty, in attendance on the King, and prouder of his major's uniform and spurs and saber than of his portfolio.

When he told me that I could not buy a horse he said it was because horses were wanted for army use, but I might go to see the quartermaster-general, whose name I do not remember, but it was Polish. It was when I asked permission to say that he told me I might go on the horse business with his good will that he said he had no army influence. I did not get a horse and that was the reason I could not continue with the army on to Sedan and Paris. When the war was over many years and Bismarck walked in his garden in Berlin he still was booted and spurred, and when he appeared for the last time in the Imperial Parliament it was with spurs on his heels—affecting, with all his formidable greatness, to be rather a soldier than a statesman.

statesman.

The next time I saw him after St. Avold, three miles within the France of that day, was in the streets of Pont-a-Mousson, a considerable French town on the Moselle, nineteen miles south of Metz. I had, subsequent to the declaration of war, passed through the town under the French flag, and there I was again with the Germans. Bismarck walked about alone and unconcerned, and the French stood in groups and pointed him out, naming him in sharp hissing whispers, showing both anger and awe. He might easily have been assassinated, but seemed to have no fears, and in his grasp the saber, upon the hilt of which he rested his left hand, would have been a mighty weapon. Next I saw him on the battlefield of Gravelotte during the engagement.

ment.

Headquarters was on a hill. The horses of the staff were held by orderlies. There were three carriages, the King's, Bismarck's and Moltke's, four horses each, handled by postillions wearing silk hats with black oilcloth, and the King had a black servant. All had saddle horses. Bismarck' was lying on the ground, on which a blanket was spread, and he had a French knapsack for a pillow, and a strip Bismarck was lying on the ground, on which a blanket was spread, and he had a French knapsack for a pillow, and a strip of French shelter tent spiked down, protecting his head from the wind. His attitude was one of fatigue and, I thought, dejection. His eyes were closed, but he was not asleep. The thunders of the battle were shaking the hills.

There were dismal clouds rising from burning villages and whirlpools of pearly vapor from the artillery—little fat white clouds from bursting shells, blue masses of troops moving majestically through the smoke and dust—long and entangled flashes of flame—galloping horses with and without riders, like phantoms, appearing and disappearing. There was the noise of a cyclone, the tremors of an earthquake and amazing pyrotechnics, and the odor from the dead horses killed on the same ground two days before, and the blood of the men that had soaked the hot ground, was dreadful.

WILLIAM "SWORE IN DUTCH."

WILLIAM "SWORE IN DUTCH." The King and Moltke stood near each other. The King's brother drew a plan of Conway. A staff officer came out of the cloud, and the whole party, except the car-

Conway. A staff officer came out of the cloud, and the whole party, except the carriage drivers and servants, trotted into the gloom, Sheridan's burly figure nigh Bismarck's burlier one, and I had no horse and no one to tell me where to go. Sheridan told me they got into trouble, and that William "swore in Dutch" and wanted to push on into greater dangers than it was desirable he should encounter. The next day Conway and Archibald Forbes and myself wandered over the battlefield together—Forbes with a stud splendidly caparisoned—and when separated from my companions, standing beside the main road from Paris to Metz, beyond that is to say east—the village from which the battle was named, though, like the village of Waterloo, it is not the central scene of the fighting. I saw four men riding toward Gravelotte, returning from the advanced German front, which looked eastward; as the Germans were between the French army and Paris.

I was scraping the bloody mud from my shoes with a splinter from a Lombardy poplar that had been shattered by a shell when I recognized Bismarck and Sheridan with two orderlies. I had seen Sheridan with two orderlies of him and he did not know that I was near when I interrupted the intent conversation going on between Bismarck and his guest. Sheridan had joined Bismarck the night before and had arrived on the field in the Chancellor's carriage.

My remark was to say "General Sheridan." As he looked up keenly I pulled off my Scotch cap and saluted according to the best of my ability, and the General uttered my name with an exclamation of surprise and wanted to know what I was doing there, and I told him it was an interesting part of the country and that was why I was stopping there. Bismarck nodded to me, evidently remembering the American editor, and laughed at our exchange of Americanisms until he was doubled up in his saddle. He clearly was enjoying the lesson in the Am

That night as Conway and I were toiling along the road to Pont a Mousson, where we kept a room—and the road was dusky, and the bits of woods and the villages of stone houses with tiled roofs had a sinister look—there was a clatter of horses and look—there was a clatter of horses and jingling of harness, and, with six lancers in front and six in the rear, Bismarck's carriage swept by at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, and I saw that the big man topped with a white cap was the Chancellor, and the stout but smaller figure that of the famous General. That was the last I saw of the great man of Germany and his generation. Bazaine was driven into Metz, and the King was going with Moltke and Bismarck and the Crown Prince for Paris.

Paris.
Years after I talked over with Sheridan our European experiences, and told him I had a great notion when he and Bismarck passed that night after the day succeeding the battle—Aug. 19, 1870—on the way between Gorze and Pont a Mousson in his carriage, the wheels humming, I had thought of giving him an American yell and asking for a ride. He said:
"Why did you not? We would have taken you in." whiskers and the other a clean-shaven, sharp face—both wearing long blue overcoats—and a bigger man than either of them, in a white coat and a thundering big sword and spurs, and an eye like a tiger—and you don't see much but eyes when he looks at you—why the party is the King, Moltke and Bismarck."

We pushed on, evaged the officers at the frontier and entered France in defiance of explicit orders, and just beyond the boundary struck a very French village, St. Avold, and there were the three great men sure enuogh, the King at a second story window of the postoffice and Moltke at the Hotel de Paris, where we were allowed to

UNCLE SAM SLOW PAY

CONTRACTORS WILL NOT TAKE CHANCES ON CLIFFORD AVENUE.

The Two Bids Received Were Both Rejected and Resolutions Ordered Prepared for Brick.

The Board of Works has a perplexing problem before it in determining just what to do in the matter of improving Clifford avenue, and the perplexity of the problem was largely brought about by the indifference of Congressman Bynum in an effort to secure an appropriation from Congress to pay the government's proportion of the cost of the improvement. The arsenal borders Clifford avenue for several blocks, and the contractors are unwilling to take long chances on securing their money from the government, which is rather slow in paying debts of this kind. Mr. Sam Shearer told the board yesterday that his company had been waiting six years for Uncle Sam to pay for the asphalt in front of the postoffice, and is apt to wait a few more years before the money will be forthcom-A large number of the Clifford-avenue

property-owners were before the board in hour set for opening bids. The board had proposed to receive bids and award a contract if the bids were reasonable, but, to the minds of the property owners, these bids were far from being reasonable, and it seemed that way to the board also, for the bids were rejected, and a resolution for brick ordered drawn up. There were just two proposals on that portion of the street from the Big Four tracks to the east side of the arsenal. In this stretch is included several hundred feet of government property, and both bids were so made that the property owners would have to take the risk of obtaining the government's portion of the cost. The Indiana Bermudez company offered to lay the asphalt on the west end of the street, any curb except granite, for \$6, with the understanding that the city was to pay for the arsenal frontage if the government did not make an appropriation within a year. The board held that the city could make no such contract, and so but one bid remained, that of the Western Paving and Supply Company, which offered to pave that end of the street for \$7,73, the property owners to be refunded any money that might be afterward appropriated by the government. This bid contemplated stratified limestone or Parkhurst curb, or \$7.78 with colitic curb and \$8.03 with granite. The company frankly stated in a letter that the bid covered the government's proportion, as the company had been waiting six years for the government to pay an-

On the east end of the street, that part east of the Arsenal grounds to Tecumseh street, the Western Paving & Supply Company bid \$5.60 for stratified limestone or Parkhurst curb, \$5.63 for colitic and \$5.90 for granite; the Warren-Sharf Company bid \$5.69 for stratified or Parkhurst curb, and any curb except granite. Another feature of the unfairness of an award was the division by which Woodruff place was exempted from assuming any portion of the Arsenal cost, the burden having been put on the property owners of the west end of the

an asphalt contract was let last fall, when the companies were in close competition, the companies were in close competition, the cost of the west end of the street would have been about \$4.30, according to Engineer Brown's estimate, instead of \$7.73, the only tangible bid offered. Even putting aside the pro rata of the government's portion, the bid would have been considerably higher than last fall. One of the members of the board called attention to the fact that the company which accepted the contract under the low figure lost money.

The City Attorney is not certain the tract under the low figure lost money.

The City Attorney is not certain the board can order an improvement and compel the property owners to pay for improving in front of government property. Nearly all the property owners favor an improvement, although they will strenuously oppose contributing from their slender means towards building Uncle Sam's roadway. It has been proposed that the board have the street repaired with gravel, which would make it passable until the next meeting of Congress, when the Seventh district will be beter represented and a better opportunity offered for securing an appropriation.

Under the amendment to the sity charter every bidder for public work must make an affiadavit that he has not entered into any combination with other bidders. The

an affiadavit that he has not entered into any combination with other bidders. The following is a copy of one filed yesterday.

"Samuel Whinnery, being duly sworn, says he is the vice president of the Warren-Scharf Asphalt Paving Company and that he prepared and signed the proposal of the said Warren-Scharf Asphalt Paving Company for the paving of the north half of Clifford avenue, from a point 145 feet east of the east line of Newman street to the east property line of Tecumseh street, and that said Warren-Scharf Asphalt Paving Company has not entered into any combination, collusion, undertaking or agreement to maintain prices or to induce any to refrain from bidding for said work."

MATLOCK AND SCHROTZ OUT.

Board of Health Does Not Recommend Them for Reappointment. Last week sanitary officers Edwin Duvall,

Frank Matlock resigned. Yesterday the Board of Health met and sent a letter to the Board of Safety asking that Duvall, Sheppard, Edward A. Tousey and E. J. Walker be appointed officers and detailed to sanitary work. It is the Intention to have sanitary work. It is the intention to have the new force to dress in policemen's uniforms. The Board of Safety met, acknowledged the receipt of the letter from the Board of Health, but took no action. Matlock and Schrotz are let out by the reorganization of the sanitary force. Walker was appointed because he is an expert accountant and can assist the city sanitarian in his work. Clerk Perry Bernard will be removed from office by the new conditions. The Board of Health has passed resolutions asking Dr. Hays to appear before the County Commissioners and the Council and urge the erection of a hospital for contagious diseases. Dr. Hays has been urging for some time the necessity of better quarters, and it is his opinion that the county and city should unite in the erection of the building.

Superintendent Powell has been instructed Superintendent Powell has been instructed to see that the rights of the garbage collecting company, as interpreted by the courts, are protected.

The examination for hospital internes

will begin to-morrow merning in the Coungramme: Anatomy, Monday, from 9 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.; physiology, Monday, from 2 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.; chemistry. Tuesday, from 9 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.; materia, medica and therapeutics, Tuesday, from 2 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.; surgery, Wednesday, from 3 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.; obstetrics, from 2 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.; practice, Thursday, from 2 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

The finance committee of the City Council held a short session last night to consider the ordinance providing for an increase of the city attorney's salary, in con-formity with the legislative amendment to the city charter. Without discussion the committee recommended the passage of the

Minor Municipal Notes. The city engineer recommended the approval of Marcus Woolf's Laurel-street subdivision. The Board of Works will ask the Connell

to appropriate \$900 for printing the city's

annual report. A petition was filed asking that Central avenue be paved with asphalt from Fort Wayne avenue to Fall creek. The city engineer was instructed to pre-pare papers for asphalting St. Clair street from West street to Indiana avenue. Vouchers for the street commissioners' department were approved as follows: Street repairs, \$417.60; sewers, \$119.10; bridges, \$124.50.

Resolutions were adopted yesterday for a local sewer in the first alley west of Meridian street from Ray to McCarty street, with branches in some cross alleys. Lot 44 in the Peru & Indianapolis Rail-road Company's addition was yesterday sold to George W. Seibert for \$406. This sale was authorized by the Council last Monday night. The Board of Works yesterday adopted resolutions providing for improving New Jersey street with asphalt from Fort Wayne avenue to St. Mary street and from Home avenue to Seventh street. The part

Sues Doctors for Malpractice.

SPRING HAS COME

LIO, ALL YE CYCLISTS! Brace up and get your Wheels in order, for spring has come. The crow, blackbirds, the blue birds, and the robins are here, the "honk" of the north-bound wild goose makes discordant music, and the "kerchunk" of the bullfrog is heard in the land,

"VICTOR CALLENDER."



If You are Not Fortunate Enough to Own a Bicycle Then Call and Examine the



Victor Athletic

Victor, Rambler





We are Headquarters for Bicycle Supplies and Carry the Finest Line in the State, including

SPAULDING BASE BALLS

Child's Seats. Bundle Carriers, Sweaters,

Bicycle Suits, Bloomer Suits for Ladies,

Cyclometers, Oil, Oil Cans.

Shoes, Caps, Hose, Repair Outfits, Lanterns, Bells, Tennis Balls. Baseballs,

Bats and Gloves.

In Fact All Supplies Used by the Cyclist.



Hay & Willits M'f'g Co.

70 NORTH PENN. ST.



Cal F. Darnell yesterday offered to sell the city a lot 30 by 180 feet, on Capitol avenue, north of Twentieth street, for \$600. This is the neighborhood in which a new fire company is to be located. The water company has agreed to lay mains in Eleventh and Liberty streets as ordered by the Board of Works on the acknowledgement by the board that this action is voluntary and does not establish a precedent. There are to be no fire hydrants on either main.

People living west of White river and north of Washington street have asked the Board of Works to locate electric lights at the following points: Corner of Lynn and Michigan streets, corner of Vermont street and Belmont avenue, corner of Lynn and New York streets, corner of Vermont and Taylor streets, corner of Wright and Astor streets and at the corner of New York and Minker streets.

THE INDICTMENT STILL HOLDS.

Pool Room Keeper Douglass Will Be Tried on It Again.

The Marion county grand jury will begin its April session Monday morning. There will probably be no further investigation of the Samuel L. Douglass pool room case. The prosecuting attorneys say that it will not be necessary. The old indictment against Douglass still holds good, and he will be tried on the same charge. Deputy Prosecutor Alford says that Douglass will be convicted the next time he is tried.

Thornton Mandamus Case. The mandamus proceedings instituted by detective Benjamin Thornton against Superintendent Goss, of the city schools, came up in the Superior Court, yesterday, for cluded last night and went over until Monday. The suit grew out of the refusal of the superintendent to allow Thornton's child to attend school No. 4. It is contended by attorney Dryer, for the schools, that for ten years it has been the custom to send all colored children to school No. 24, unless a special order was granted by the superintendent. It is asserted that school No. 4 was crowded and there was no room for the colored pupil. Thornton brought the suit to have his child reinstated. Among the witnesses who testified yesterday were Miss Elizabeth Heber, of the primary department of No. 4; Miss Ingersol, principal of No. 4, and Miss Brunton, supervising principal of schools Nos. 4 and 24.

He Had Not Sufficient Notice. Willard W. Hubbard yesterday filed complaint in Room 3, Superior Court, asking for a new trial in a street lien suit in which he was one of the defendants in 1891. The suit was brought by Charles and Bernard suit was brought by Charles and Bernard Koehring to foreclose a lien on lot No. 32 in W. W. Hubbard's South Meridian-street addition. Mr. Hubbard says he held a mortgage on the property, which was executed prior to the bringing of the suit. The cause, he says, was pending for a long time and was finally dismissed by the court. Afterward the Koehrings reopened the suit without notifying the defendants, and Hubbard knew nothing of the proceedings until January, 1895, when his attention was called January, 1895, when his attention was called to the fact that the property had been ad-vertised by the sheriff. The plaintiff says that he has a good and valid defense, and asks that a rehearing be granted.

A Bicycle Infringement Suit. Judge Baker, of the United States Court, yesterday heard argument in chambers in the suit of the Heath Cycling Company, of Minneapolis, against Hay & Willits, bicycle dealers, of this city. The defendants want to enjoin the Indianapolis firm from using a device for filling pneumatic tires with air. The Heath company asserts that the patent used by Hay & Willits is an infringement on one of their own. It is alleged that the defendants wrote to the Heath company for an apparatus and then constructed a similar appliance.

Henry Cole and His Diamond. Harry D. Cole, a clerk in a mercantile house, was brought into the Circuit Court yesterday to show what he had done with a diamond ring which it is alleged he purchased on the installment plan. Sheriff Womack, who went to replevin the property, informed the court that it could not be found. Cole disliked publicity, and agreed to tell the attorneys where the ring was secreted. Then the case was dismissed.

Frank Faulconer wants \$7,500 damages

F. Barnhill, who attended him in April, 1893. He alleges that they set his broken leg and did a bad job. The limb is deformed and crooked, which, the plaintiff declares, is due to the negligence of the doctors.

will of Abraham Herr, executed April 28, 1894, was probated in the Circuit Court yesterday. Albert T. Wyon is named as the executor. Mary M. Herr, wife of the decedent, is the sole beneficiary of the estate during her natural life. At her death the property goes to her children.

Surface Sent to Grand Jury. In the Police Court, yesterday, S. M. Surface was bound over to the grand jury for assault and battery on John McCutcheon. The trouble occurred two weeks ago, when Surface drew a revolver and fired at Mc-

County Employes' Salaries. The County Commissioners, yesterday, allowed the semi-monthly salaries of the employes of the courthouse, workhouse and county asylum.

A TARDY SUPREME COURT.

Mandate in the Coffin Case Has Not Yet Arrived.

Hiram A. Foulks, the ex-bank cashier of Vincennes, will be tried at Evansville, this week, for perjury and making false reports to the Controller of the Currency. Judge Baker, District Attorney Burke and United States Marshal Hawkins will go to Evans ville to-morrow to conduct the case in the United States Court. The trial will last about ten days. Foulks was indicted by the same grand jury that found bills against the Haugheys and Coffins. The United States officials had hoped to take up the Coffin case immediately on their return from Evansville, but the failure of the Supreme Court to remand the case here will probably interfere with their arrangements. There is considerable speculation among the federal officers as to why the mandate has not arrived. Nothing official has been heard from Washington since the Coffin case was reversed. The present term of the United States Supreme Court winds up the first of May, and unless the mandate is here by that time the Coffins will not be tried until the fall term. United States Court. The trial will last

GEN. HARRISON IN GOOD HEALTH Rumor to the Contrary Untrue-Was

Out Walking Yesterday Morning. It was reported on the streets yesterday

that General Harrison had returned from Richmond suffering from the effects of his recent illness. Dr. Henry Jameson was seen last night and denied the rumor. He said he heard nothing of the rumor, and furthermore had seen General Harrison on the street walking as briskly as any young man could walk. He was surprised at the rumor and refused to consider it as a seri-

"Voodoo" Failed to Cure.

The attention of Coroner Castor has been called to the death of Richard Taylor, colored, who died at No. 679 North Mississippi street Friday morning. Dr. Crose was instreet Friday morning. Dr. Crose was instructed to hold an autopsy, and he found
that death was due to tuberculosis. The
neighbors believe death was due to improper treatment. Taylor was taken sick
five weeks ago. He employed Mrs. Mary
Bryant, who professes to have some healing power. The colored people of the
neighborhood say she is a "voodo doctor."
She says Taylor died because the devil got
in him and counteracted the medicine
which she gave.

Former Injured by a Runaway. William Kinnan, of Decatur township, was thrown from his buggy on Kentucky avenue, yesterday afternoon, and painfully injured. He had just started home when his horse took fright at an engine and commenced to run. The buggy was overturned and Kinnan's head struck the pavement. He was taken up unconscious and conveyed to the home of his sister, on Noble street.

Mrs. Haughey's Barial. The body of Mrs. Haughey, the mother of T. P. Haughey, arrived in the city yes torday from Chicago. It was conveyed from the Union Station to Crown Hill, where the burial took place. Only the immediate members of the family were present.

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